

Chapter 1

I remember back in 1910 when it all started, the ruler and dictator Porfirio Díaz Mori had been re-elected for the eighth time. Many Mexicans were also robbed of their land because of Díaz being sold to large businesses. This made everyone in Mexico panic. People were losing their homes, some joined a rebellion. My country was going downhill. Everyone was getting ready for war. I was a kid at around 15 at that time. I remembered in 1911 I was kicked out of my land and was homeless. After wandering around I found this group of rebels, and was able to join. This rebellion was from this guy Pancho Villa. I was nervous and didn't know what to do. These guys were called the Division of the North. Pancho Villa was the first revolutionary leader to defeat regular government soldiers. It was a crazy moment for Mexico and gave hope, but I wasn't there at the time. I remember when I first joined they gave me a rifle and sent me to battle. We were there to overthrow Porfirio Díaz Mori. As I went into battle with my brothers, my heart raced with a mixture of fear and adrenaline. I have never felt this before in my life. It was hard to breathe. It was like a strong stain for each breath I took, but I sucked it up and was ready. Pancho Villa inspired us all to stand tall in the face of death.

Chapter 2

I remember the first time I came face to face with the enemy. My hands were shaking as I raised the rifle, my heart pounding in my chest. All I could smell was gunpowder and smoke. The village we were at was almost destroyed. It was all on fire or in ruins. All I could hear was both sides screaming and firearms getting sprayed. I went into battle running to the nearest wall and holding my ground. I wanted to run away and hide, but I couldn't leave my brothers behind. I was really nervous seeing everyone getting shot, all the shooting was ringing in my ears, but I

remember Pancho Villa. I'm no longer a kid, but a soldier for my country's future. The battle lasted for only hours, maybe even a day. I still get nightmares from this day. I remembered I was just shooting my rifle, not even aiming at the targets, just hoping I could hit them. My ears were just ringing from all the shooting. The recoil of that rifle was crazy strong. It was shaking my whole arm, but I just kept blasting till the point I ran out of ammo. The moment I ran out of ammo my heart dropped. My body was shaking in fear because the enemy was coming close and I couldn't fight back. I tried to retrieve back to another group asking if anyone had ammo, but no one did. As I was panicking I realized there were guns on the floor from the fallen. I picked one up and started to blast the enemy. As I thought we were winning I let my guard down and got shot In the back. I couldn't hear him coming. It felt like a sharp pain going through my body. My whole body was in pain. It was like my whole nervous system was on fire. I couldn't move. I thought it was the end. I looked at the man who shot me in the eyes. I thought this is it and was ready to go. Luckily someone was nearby and put him down. I was shocked by the words that just happened and couldn't breathe and couldn't move. I can feel my blood leaving my body as I close my eyes. As my eyes were closing a figure came up to me.

Chapter 3

As I slowly was able to gain consciousness, my wounds still hurt me. I was confused when I woke up. Thought I was a deadman when I got shot. Turns out that figure was a fellow comrade. They patched my wounds and gave me an aid kit for next time. I felt sick, felt like I was about to puke my brains out. I couldn't move my legs. It felt really numb to move. They told me to rest now and fight later. As I was recovering they gave up canned food. The canned food was alright, it was just some canned soup. That canned soup barely had any warmth, but it was good enough

sense I haven't had a meal in a while. Sometime later the base was under attack. I felt a little numbed, but was ready. Everyone aimed at the door and started to shoot the intruders. Luckily there weren't so many of them, but we knew there would be more coming so we all left and decided to go back to the battle. I couldn't walk properly. I still feel pain every step I take. It was like getting stabbed by a needle for each step. Porfirio Díaz forces were going down. This gave everyone hope to continue fighting. The night was approaching and was getting cold. My whole body was shaking in the cold. A man named Juan offered me his jacket. I was grateful for his gift, but sadly later on in battle he was gun down. My body was still shaking from my wound and wanted to give out, but I wouldn't budge. It was a dark place. The only thing you can see is the gun fire getting shot out. It was like hundreds of small fireworks getting shot out. At one point when I took cover I noticed a grenade was thrown over. I reacted at the last second and was barely able to move out of the way. The explosion did some serious damage. My body was ash and blood. The jacket I had was destroyed, but was able to protect me a little from the explosion. As I was laying, the cold was taking over my body. Later on from the freezing night I eventually gave in to the pain and passed out. I'm not sure what happened after words, but I do remember waking up with a cold. I saw the aftermath of the field. Bodies everywhere, buildings destroyed. The air stank with metal and gunpowder. Turns out we were able to defeat Porfirio Díaz forces. I was surprised and relieved from this victory we had. This is one step closer to saving this country.

Chapter 4

As everyone was celebrating their victory many were scared. I wish I could celebrate with my fellow soldiers, but I was too stunned to even move. For every move I made it was like getting stabbed with a dull knife. I was on the ground for a good minute just trying my best to get up. I

was getting nervous thinking I couldn't move any more and my team was gonna leave me behind. I thought it was all over for me and I will eventually die here in rubble with the others. A man came up to me, his name was Billy. Billy looked at me and smiled and helped me up. Billy," Looks like you've been through a lot. War is never easy, it can mess up your body and mind. You're too young to be fighting." I looked at him with relief. Billy was eventually able to help me out and carry me to a base where they put me in a bed with the other who got injured. Once I was able to make a full recovery I was told to get prepared for the next battle. After hearing those words I couldn't do it, my heart just dropped right there. I had goosebumps all over my body and was scared for the next one. I was barely able to survive from this. I didn't think I could handle the next one. When I was getting ready for the next I was thinking of what Billy said. After thinking for a while I decided to leave that group and decided to cross over to the United states. I heard it was a good place to live. There I was able to get a nice home and where I was able to make a family.